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THE

Luſtful Fryar:

Or the Tragical

HISTORY

Of the Founder of

LINCOLNSHIRE

REVIVED. A

POEM

By way of Burleſque.

Ineſt ſua gratia parvis.

Licenced according to Order.

LONDON,

Printed by *George Croom*, and are to be Sold by moſt Bookſellers in *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

4. Junᵒ. 1689.

TO THE READER.

THE Reader may perceive by the Preface that the Author began this Pamphlet ſhortly upon Mr. *D-----n*'s ſetting forth his *Hind* and *Panther*; and though towards the latter end of it he takes notice of ſome Late Tranſactions, which, (had the conveniency of a Preſs ſooner offer'd it ſelf) muſt have been left out: Yet he hopes, the World will be ſo kind, as not

not to Cenſure him, for being Tedious and Elaborate about ſuch a Trifle, upon his aſſuring them, It was a great while ſince ready for the Preſs, though perhaps it could not be ſafely Printed. If it now comes time enough to procure its Reader an Hours Diverſion, it has its Deſign.

THE

THE PREFACE.

OUr Author if he well could word it,
And the lewd times would now afford it,
Doubts not, but this one Story'd nick all
Shamms and Pretences Heretickal ;
But fearing now 't won't be approved,
For th' diſadvantages aboveſaid,
Swears he will be as well Content,
If but one Calf *will think't well meant ;*
And therefore Dedicates this Pamphlet
To D------ *for a pretty Name to't ;*
In which the jingle of one Letter,
May make the whole Church like't the better.

And

The Preface.

And once our Virgin Muſe ſhall find
She has in this Oblig'd the Hind:
Who knows but to make up a Conſort,
She may Write on, and be a Convert.
Then She may Scribble with a vengeance,
And get Applauſe for Sence, or Nonſence;
But until then, 'tis Magnum nefas,
To ſtir abroad without a Preface;
Which now entreats the Reader gentle
Upon the Poet not to Entail
Ought of Diſgrace, for what doth grate him
Comes under Scandalum Magnatum:
But Pardon this his progreſs Youthy,
Since here in Brevity and Truth he
Plainly ſets forth how the whole Caſe lies,
Thus introducing all the Buſineſs.

THE

THE ARGUMENT

Of the First CANTO.

AFter the Prologue to this Story,
You'll find diſplay'd Sir Founder's Glory,
Who (change Religion*) well might paſs*
For Grand-Sire to Sir Hudibraſs;
His Meritorious Act of Building
Convent for Saints, 'mongſt whom a Helding
One Father John *crept in, how he*
To Foundreſs does himſelf apply,
And after all his Pains and ſtrife,
Loſeth his Miſtreſs with his Life:
How, and by whom, he is Convey'd,
And put in Privy-houſe when Dead.

CANTO I.

WHen gloomy *Prieſt-craft* bore the ſway,
E're brave King *Harry* got the day;
When all Miſ-guided, laid by Sence,
And tamely paid their *Peter*-Pence;
A Grave old Knight then liv'd, or Squire,
I know not which, in *Lincolnſhire*;
His Name I've hear'd, but that will bet naught,
Or whe're he wore a white or red Coat
No matter, but ſay what you ſay can,
Married he was, and ſo a Lay-man:
This old bigotted *Aſs* was Chuck'd ſo,
(As oft ſuch *Devotees* are Rook'd ſo)
That in fierce heat of Zeal he on went,
And was reſolv'd to Build a *Convent*;

And

And here I offer to lay boot
His *Confeſſor* advis'd him to't;
For ever while you live pray mark it,
Or ſtill you 're Blind and in the Dark yet;
Thoſe Holy Men in Whipping-chamber
Provide for Purſe and Belly-timber;
For ſhould one always poorly Pray,
There's no Salvation as they ſay.
This Pilgrim therefore as I told ye,
Leſt without Paſs he might thus old Die;
And leſt to Heaven ſuch Ingreſs baſe
Might there be juſtly thought a Treſpaſs,
Set's Wits afloat with care aſſiduous,
And quickly Built this Houſe Religious;
That ſo if *Heaven* ſhould raiſe Defence,
He'd Storm her Gates by Violence:
But Father *John* who better knew
The rates of Merits far than ſo,

Aſſur'd him they would bring him there ſoon,
Without much Warlike preparation.
Now you muſt know, this Houſe being Built,
And *Conſecrated Water* ſpilt
Upon its Walls, for fear leſt ſome one
Might put it elſe to uſes *Common*,
Was ſtock'd with all good Sorts and Sizes
Of Saints in Truth, or in Diſguiſes;
And now amongſt 'em all from *Prior*,
To *Monk*, or *Jeſuit*, *Prieſt*, or *Fryer*,
None was there found ſo amply deck'd out,
And by the *Founder* ſo reſpected,
As this ſame Father *John*, for he Sir
Was to his *Wife* a hearty wiſher,
And crept ſo far into her Favour,
He oft Confeſs'd, and ſtill Forgave her.

But

But now this *Place* (as well it might)
So rais'd his Brethrens livid Spight,
To ſee him ſo Preferr'd before 'em,
And have more Honour than a Score o'em,
He could not Sleep, nor take his Diet,
But ſtill they'd interrupt his Quiet,
And with the *Found'reſs* ſo betwit him,
As he would often times Be---t him.

Amongſt the reſt, one Father *Thomas*,
(Who more than either High or Low *Maſs*,
Lov'd Female Honour) grew ſo loud
Amongſt the inceſſant bauling Crowd,
To think his Brother ſhould make Courtſhip
Unto the Lady *Foundreſs*'s Worſhip;
That notwithſtanding their Alliance,
He bid him furiouſly Defiance,

And

And oft his Venom did unload,
Which made him hate him as a Toad:
But Father *John* who got the ſtart oft,
Of Father *Tom*, who felt the ſmart of't,
Diſdaining all theſe little Triflers,
Becauſe indeed they were but Whiflers,
Had now too, gain'd this ſmall Preferment,
To deal with Women, and no harm in't;
(For that's a Gift to thoſe, whoſe Trade is,
Oft to *Confeſs* fine Toothſom Ladies.

Amongſt this *Fryer*'s Scrole of Women,
The Lady *Found'reſs* was the Prime One;
A Laſs of Killing Parts and Feature,
But not of quite ſo good a Nature,
As her kind *Confeſſor* much wiſh'd for,
Which was the fatal cauſe he miſs'd her;

For

For after many kind Addreſſes,
Glibly ſet off in Gaudy Dreſſes,
Which miſs'd their Mark, and his Content,
He fairly fell to Argument.

Madam, quoth he, that I've oft been
Made privy to your ſecret Sin,
And have as oft forgiv'n each Treſpaſs,
As freely as you'd been my Miſtreſs;
I may dare ſwear you han't forgot;
Why muſt it then be my hard Lot,
To be deni'd this one Requeſt,
And ſo be always robb'd of Reſt?
Now to be plain, in troth 'tis rude
To pay me with Ingratitude,
For well you know for all your Blindneſs,
That Kindneſs ſtill requires Kindneſs;

Beſides

Beſides, old Age hath ſtruck your Husband,
Whoſe Hairs are Gray, and Face now ſhews (Wan,
Which ſays he's on the Rivers brink,
In which he ſpeedily muſt Sink:
Why then ſhould you be yet ſo Cheary
Of one who ne'er can make you Merry,
And by your peeviſh puling Coyneſs
Still bauk that Love which ſoon would joyn us;
Nor may you think that I thus puſh on,
To quit you of your Obligation,
Which does incumbent on you lye,
To be wrought off by Charity.
Full well you know our good old Founder
Hath made a Gift to all mens Wonder,
For which ſome hundred Rounds are given
For his Advancement towards *Heaven*;
Yet faith if you don't end the Ladder,
For ought I know, he's ne'er the better.

But

But if you mount him one Step higher,
He'll certainly from thence aſpire,
To take St. *Peter* by the Chin,
If he refuſe to let him in.

Quoth ſhe, I've liſt'ned with Attention,
But yet can't find your deep Intention;
Your Sence is wrap'd in words ſo Myſtick,
As if you would be *Sylogiſtick*;
Wherefore to anſwer's but a Vain thing,
Unleſs I underſtood your meaning,
Which whether good or bad's a doubt;
In words more plain, pray make it out.

Madam, quoth he, I fear you are bent
To *put* upon your humble Servant,
For as it was not my intent,
So I ne'er uſe to Complement;

But ſince to know my mind you're headſtrong,
And leſt you take too what I've ſaid wrong,
In Sence as plain as plain can be,
I'll quite unfold the Myſtery.
For ſome time ſince, by your Confeſſions,
I've div'd into your Inclinations,
Which by oft Bluſhes when you anſwer'd,
I find, are ſtrongly bent to Manward;
Then prithee don't ſtand ſhall I, ſhall I,
But let's Embrace, be Blith and Jolly,
Or after you'll repent your Folly:
The Obligation too is double,
For firſt, you'll quit your ſelf of Trouble;
Then, which I told you, was the greater,
You'll free the Man that's yet *Heav'n*'s Debtor,
Our Noble Founder, who'll then be
As ſure of Happineſs, as we
O'th' *Pope*'s Infallibility;

For

For tho' of Earthly Joys Bereaven,
A *C*------*d* yet ne'er miſs'd of *Heaven.*

Father, quoth ſhe, great is your inſight
In Natures out and Natures inſide;
I muſt confeſs, I have ſome Frailties,
But Modeſty (my Sexes Vail) ties
My Lewd Affections, or I'd been
E'er now that hated thing call'd Quean.
At that, he caught her by the Apron;
Nay, hold, quoth ſhe, pray fair and ſoft run;
Nor think ſo ſoon to put a Blot on
My Fame, by doing what you wot on;
My many doubts muſt firſt be clear'd,
E'er in this Suit you may be hear'd,
And that by you; firſt then I ask ye,
Who ever put this doubty Task t' ye?

Becauſe you mump after ſuch faſhion
As you purſu'd my Intimation;
I'm ſure if e'er my Actions Scented
Of too much Love, they're all Repented,
And I'm forgiv'n long ſince, or faith Sir
Your *Pardons* are not worth a *Wafer*.
Why then ſhould you ſo vainly Babble
As I did want relief from Trouble?
Or think you I'll e'er make Complaints
To you, when I may all the *Saints*
Command for Aid, as oft you told me,
If for a Child occaſion ſhould be?

Quoth he, upon that ſame occaſion,
The *Saints* laſt Night in Courteous faſhion,
Knowing full well your ſad Misfortune,
Commanded me to come this Forenoon,

With

With their *Commission*, which will tell ye
I've brought glad Tydings for your B----y;
This, this, they said, when all means fail,
Shall o'er her Chastity prevail;
And to convince you I am no Cheat,
I've *Peter*'s *Broad-Seal* in my Pocket.
With that from out his *Pouch* he pull'd
A yellow *Seal*, like *Marigold*;
And can you, said he, now deny
What I have prov'd so palpably?
At that perceiving by her Coughing,
That she could scarcely forbear Laughing;
Nay, look, quoth he, my words are sound, yet
For proof that I ne'er made nor found it,
Here's *Peter*'s own Name written round it.

Great Sir quoth she, though nothing's worse
Than too much rambling in Discourse,

Yet

Becauſe you mump after ſuch faſhion
As you purſu'd my Intimation;
I'm ſure if e'er my Actions Scented
Of too much Love, they're all Repented,
And I'm forgiv'n long ſince, or faith Sir
Your *Pardons* are not worth a *Wafer*.
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As I did want relief from Trouble?
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To you, when I may all the *Saints*
Command for Aid, as oft you told me,
If for a Child occaſion ſhould be?

Quoth he, upon that ſame occaſion,
The *Saints* laſt Night in Courteous faſhion,
Knowing full well your ſad Misfortune,
Commanded me to come this Forenoon,

With

With their *Commiſſion*, which will tell ye
I've brought glad Tydings for your B----y;
This, this, they ſaid, when all means fail,
Shall o'er her Chaſtity prevail;
And to convince you I am no Cheat,
I've *Peter*'s *Broad-Seal* in my Pocket.
With that from out his *Pouch* he pull'd
A yellow *Seal*, like *Marigold*;
And can you, ſaid he, now deny
What I have prov'd ſo palpably?
At that perceiving by her Coughing,
That ſhe could ſcarcely forbear Laughing;
Nay, look, quoth he, my words are ſound, yet
For proof that I ne'er made nor found it,
Here's *Peter*'s own Name written round it.

Great Sir quoth ſhe, though nothing's worſe
Than too much rambling in Diſcourſe,

Yet

Yet often Wiſe men in ſuch caſe run,
From Argument to Demonſtration;
Which yet to prove, they'r often pent
Into a ſecond Argument.
Now if you can, (for there the Pinch lyes
Of your main Proof) without ſuch wrenches,
Demonſtrate this is *Peter*'s *Seal*
By *Topicks Mathematical*,
And that this Wax by *Heaven*'s bright *Lamp*
Being Melted, *Peter* gave the Stamp,
I'll no more queſtion your Commiſſion,
But will be yours even in Fruition.

Which ſaid, our Father being ſomewhat
Diſturb'd in Mind, a while quite Dumb ſat;
For tho' he knew not what ſhe well meant
By that damn'd *Mathematical* Point,

And

And being weary of plain dealing,
He thought he'd beſt e'en fall to Railing.

Madam, quoth he, then lolling out
His Tongue e'er he could frame to Pout;
He work'd his Mouth till from each corner
White Spittle ſtream'd as he'd have torn her,
At laſt, as oft I've ſeen a Maſtive
When vex'd by Roguy Boys, in haſt ſtrive
To free his bound up Lips from Muzle,
So Foam'd our Father in this Puzzle,
Till having clear'd his Mouth from Snot
And Rheum, that flow'd into his Throat,
He thus in Paſſion dire broke out;
Is this th' requital Woman ſilly,
That you return for my good will t' ye?
And do you ſtill want plainer Proof
For that which I've made plain enough?

For all my Labour too and Pains hard,
Is this the way you make amends for't.
The *Saints* too are oblig'd to thank ye,
And in their Scrole of beſt Friends rank ye;
Doubtleſs they'll take it mighty kindly,
That you thus throw their Care behind ye.

Oh pray quoth ſhe, (well counterfeiting
Repentance) the beſt way of Cheating;
For finding ſhe could always turn him
To Laugh or Scold, Luſt did ſo burn him,
She ſweetly Rail'd, and by this knack try'd
How neat ſhe could come ore his Back-ſide;
Aſwage your Wrath, what e'er you do yet,
Pray don't permit the *Saints* to know it;
Once more, dear Father I conjure ye
To lay aſide this deſperate Fury.

If

If you lov'd me as I love you now,
In Tears you'd never letme ſtew ſo;
With that her 'Kerchief ſhe applies
With haſty graſp to both her Eyes;
For in the mid'ſt of this her Jearing,
She could not elſe have held from Flearing.
Celeſtial Powers above, quoth he,
Deſcend and Wonder here with me,
And be ſo kind, all you that know Men,
To Explicate this bleſſed Omen;
Mean while for ſatisfaction ample,
To thee my Dear, who gav'ſt the Example,
I ſwear (the greateſt Oath) by this
Fair Hand, which now I Chaſtly Kiſs,
Although I'm Conjur'd by a Spell to 'em,
I'll never your Unkindneſs tell 'em;
The *Saints* I mean, if my *Petition*
You'll grant and *yield* on that Condition.

But, what if they who can diſcern things
At diſtance wide, ſhould ſee theſe Turnings,
And know your good and evil Meanings?
'Twill look but oddly that a *Fryer*
Should thus be prov'd a Baudy Lyar;
Yet this and more for you I'll venture,
And if I prove a falſe *Debenter*,
Although it may be hardly ſaid,
I'm th' arrant'ſt *Rogue* that ever *Pray'd*.

Father, quoth ſhe, (then wiping down
Her Cheeks before ſhe yet begun;
For what by Swearing and by Chafeing,
He'd made her ſoundly Cry with Laughing)
Since you, who never had your peer yet,
Have *Pardon'd* me beyond all *Merit*,
Naught in the World there is, believe me,
That I could now refuſe to give thee,

But

But yet I've left one ſilly Scruple,
Which when remov'd, I'll pay you duple.

All in good time, ſaid Father *John*,
But pay me firſt for what I've done,
And then I'll warrant we'll remove
This caſe of Conſcience time enough;
Come let's ſee, here are Chairs and Benches,
Then let's apply our *Circumſtances*.

This is, quoth ſhe no proper Seaſon,
Nor Place, beſides you're out of Reaſon,
Thus to demand your Pay before hand;
I ſay 'tis Rude, and pray no more on't.
Alaſs, a Work-man ſtill engages
To work the day, then as his Age is
And Strength, at Night receives his Wages.

But I was ne'er let out to Hire,
Reply'd our Subtle Gaffer *Fryer*;
Then what you've ſaid, but did not foreſee,
Makes not againſt, nay more makes for me;
How e'er that there be no more Wrangling,
And to prevent all future Jangling,
Let's know the reaſons of your ſtickings
At Gnats, that may be eat by Chickens.

This my laſt doubt I fear's worth prizing,
Quoth ſhe becauſe of your own raiſing;
But firſt to Silence I'll enjoyn you,
Of what ſhall henceforth paſs between you
And me, for now alaſs I muſt
To Modeſty be too Unjuſt:
If then, (as *Heaven* avert my fears)
I ſhould in theſe my Youthful years

Fall

Fall (without more) to downright S------g
And leave my Honeſt way of Living,
'Twould be a ſure means to prevent yet
Yours and my Husband's e'er being *Sainted*;
For who of the *Gods* is there I wonder,
Of all the reſt, that would ſo Blunder,
Although he was in grievous Dump yet
To *Saint* the *Knocker* of a *Strumpet*?

Madam, quoth he, you're in the Wrong,
And therefore pray refrain your Tongue
From ſuch groſs Blaſphemies as theſe are,
The like ne'er drop'd from *Nero Cæſar*:
I'll tell you then, I'm ſure there be nigh
A hundred pretty little *Demi*---
Saints, who'd rather leave their Palace,
Than we ſhould ſuffer ought by Malice;

Nay

Nay leave their Pleaſures unregarded,
Than either of us Unrewarded;
And that their Thanks will be our due,
I can both Say't and Swear it too,
If but this way we can agree
To free our ſelves from Jeopardy;
For you ne'er think what Obligation
Your Husband ne'er can in this caſe ſhun
Of *Serving* you, as is his Duty,
And yet he never *Firks your Toby*.

Quoth ſhe, this granting, I can tarry;
What then the Devil made him Marry,
Reply'd our *Father*, thus to be
A Laughing-ſtock to *Leachery*?
His Crime is Mortal, and will bring
Damnation dire in Suffering,

Leſt

Left for his Soul we both Attone,
And by that means ſave both our own.

Nay, rather while we ſeek excuſe
For him, we ſhall our ſelves Accuſe,
Reply'd our *Dame*; beſides we're Summon'd
To do no ill, that good may come on't.

You're out again, then ſaid our *Father*,
Once more I'll prove it t' ye, the rather
That when thou do'ſt my willing ſhe lye
Expanded, I may *Act* more freely.
If Love's an ill, why then are we
Oblig'd to live in Charity?
And ſince the *Fathers* always Nurs'd it,
The Obligation's theirs that forc'd it.
How then can any Man be found
Guilty of Ills to which he's bound?

Nor

Nor on the other ſide, may we
Reſiſt Great *Rome*'s or *Heaven*'s Decree,
Whoſe ſtrict Commands all Men do move
Their Neighbours as themſelves to Love.
Then granting, as none dare gainſay,
The Juſtice of their Soveraign ſway,
Which being reſign'd in civil faſhion
To Works of *Superrerogation*,
What Aſs can think that you or I
Should ever miſs Felicity?
And now I think each Point well run o're;
And all your Doubts I hope are blown o'er:
Nor need we ſtoop with fond Submiſſion,
And care t' embrace the *Saints* Commiſſion,
Which now let's take the pride to call
Security *Collateral*.

By

By this time ſhe being almoſt tir'd
With what ſhe hitherto had hear'd,
With much Delight, wherefore preparing
To offer ſomthing worth his hearing,
She was reſolv'd, for all's forecaſting,
To make him undergo a Baſting:
Thus fix'd in this moſt ſcurvy humour,
She thus beſpoke her *Paramour*.

Father moſt dear, I muſt reſign
My Weakneſs to your care Divine;
The Sun-ſhine of your Wit's ſo glowing,
That I've no Reaſon left worth ſhewing;
Your Lines have ſtruck ſo through my Head,
My Brains are quite Enervated;
I muſt---- yet muſt not quit the Field,
'Tis ſhame forbids, yet ſhame too bids me yield;

But frailer Nature's quite o'er come,
And I am yours till *Martyrdom*;
To Morrow this time then beſure ye
Fail not to meet me in yon *Dairy*----
Houſe, which now to you be't known,
By Joynture was made all my own;
And if you chance to come before me,
You'll there a *Preſs* behind the Door ſee;
Where you may ſtand ſecure from all dread,
Untill I give this Watch-word *Bald-head*:
Then will we be, let who can take us,
Merry as *yours* and *mine* can make us.

Which ſaid, our Sturdy *Clapper-dudgeon*,
Wiſh'd her about her ways be trudging;
And if ſhe'd bear in mind his Semblance,
Which was well worth her dear remembrance,

And let his Stratagems induce her
To meet him, and conclude a Truce there;
He ſwore by's Maker for his part
He'd meet her there with all his Heart.

Thus parted he with deareſt Jewel,
Who to his Fire brought ſuch Fuel,
As rais'd his Soul to ſuch a height,
That now he Curs'd the lazy Night,
Becauſe his *Gnomon* would not run
With ſpeed that ſhould out vie the *Sun*;
Who when h' had brought ſlow Morn on's Back
And bore the day a Pick-a-pack,
As far as *Veſper*, where being wearied
With his cloſe Burthen thither carried,
For eaſe he turn'd him to one ſide o'er,
And ſeem'd with fiery Face to chide her;

But 'twas in vain, for yet ſhe held ſo,
That run or go, ſhe had his Elbow;
Till with a Spring of ſwifteſt motion,
He from her dipp'd into the Ocean;
And now our *Father* thought it beſt,
Seeing her ſhiver in the *Weſt*
For Grief, about t' expire alone,
Becauſe her Comforter was gone,
To ſet out, and with ſpeedy haſt run
Unto the Place of Aſſignation;
But thinking then ſhe admoniſh'd him
To come again to Morrow this time,
It puzled him a while to know
If that might be the day or no;
But that reſolv'd, his greater doubt
Was yet to find the Hour out,
Till by the twinkling of a Star,
Being a great *Aſtrologer*,

He

He knew it muſt be near the time
The *Found'reſs* had appointed him;
So to make ſpeed and with his *W-----r lye*
He took himſelf unto his Journey;
But ſhe like vile unhappy Wagg,
In th' intrim baſely play'd the Scab,
And told her Husband when and what
Her *Confeſſor* would fain be at;
Who forthwith ſent his Man to watch him,
That ſo they might not fail to catch him;
And now juſt in the cloſe of Even,
It being yet not quite Eleven,
(For you muſt know the *Sun* was Lame
With's *Summers* Race) the *Fryer* came;
Onwards he now does without Shame ruſh,
Little ſuſpecting of an Ambuſh;
But in the Court which ſtood before
And gave large Entrance to the Door,

Not

Not minding's way, but full of Mettle,
Advanc'd, till ſtumbling on a Kettle,
He broke his ſhins, which made him reel
Againſt a Diſhelv'd Milking-pail,
That ſlip'd aſide, and at one turn
Threw him againſt a Butter-churn,
Which Neighbouring ſtood, whence roling back,
He fell as he'd have broke his Neck.
By theſe Miſhaps one would have thought,
He had been ſpoil'd for being naught,
At leaſt that fatal Night when loe!
(No Carrion ſure will kill a Crow.)
No ſooner got he on his Henges,
But thus he ralli'd, *Nouns* Revenge is
Sweeter by far than Eggs and Wine,
Which Learned Men call *Muſcadine*;
Wherefore avaunt theſe Airy *Fantoms*,
That fierce as Lyon, me a Man tames;

For

For though theſe harſh Predictions ominous
Have cool'd my Courage in ſpight o' my Noſe,
Yet now I ſwear for this dire hindrance,
Her Honour ſhall fulfil my Vengeance:
Which ſaid, with ſturdy Pace redoubled
He enter'd, and like Man that grew bold
Turn'd round that he might ſee to hide him
Within the *Preſs*, as ſhe had bid him;
Inſtead of which, he found there ſtood
An Engin made indeed of Wood,
But ſet there purpoſely to ſqueeze
Curds kneeded up into a Cheeſe;
And for that reaſon call'd a *Preſs*;
In which there being put a *Pin*
To take Cheeſe out, and put Cheeſe in,
Proclining forward in ſuch faſhion
As if it long'd for *Salutation*,

Imprinted on our Champion's Face
Such a dear *Woodden close Embrace*,
One would have thought, (not he that felt him)
The loving *Pegg* had bid him *Welcome*.
At which Enrag'd with Fury mickle,
Although his Heart did for her Stickle,
He fear'd she was at last grown Fickle:
Nor could he chuse but much resent yet
The thoughts of being Disappointed.
In this perplexity of Heart
Hearing a Noise, which made him Start,
Like *Walking*, *Talking*, *Laughing*, *Joaking*
Of *Company* that way approaching,
He thought it good e'er who should come,
To find out some retiring Room,
So that he might give *Bob* for *Bob*,
He couch'd himself beneath a Tub.

And

And now the *Found'reſs* with *Rogero*
And *Husband* both, advanc'd ſo near to
The *Dary-houſe* where *Booby* ſat,
That he began to ſmell a *Rat*:
Well Arm'd they came, in grave *decorum*,
And *ſhe* with Torch erect' before 'em:
Sir *Founder* too being one of Courage
And Skill, (and than moſt others) more Rage,
Brandiſh'd with *Helmet* bright as day,
And all his Armour *Cap-a-pe*;
Down by his Side *Toledo* hung,
With Blade Extended ſix Foot long;
For well he thought his *Ghoſtly Father*
Would be, than e'er was *March-hare* madder,
And therefore like one wiſe in's Anger,
He was reſolv'd to avoid all Danger;
But *Roger* who was but a plain
Downright Honeſt meaning Man,

Went like a *Hero*, ſomewhat Bolder,
And only bore a Batt on's Shoulder;
Which was an Argument of Valour
And Magnanimity *ni fallor*:
Thus all being put in brave Array
For Battle, now began the Fray;
No ſooner had theſe Hectors ventur'd
A bold Ingreſs, and all were enter'd,
But *Bald-head* hear'd his Lady's Tongue
As plain as ſhe had ſung a Song,
And more to's Grief, for by her gibing
He had but little mind to *S*-------*g*;
Nay ſuch a *Tremor* ſhook his *Bones*,
Head, *Back*, *Arms*, *Thighs*, and all at once,
As made the *Tub* which he was under,
To rap the *Stones* like any *Thunder*;
Whereat the Men began to Tremble,
One might have fell'd 'em with a *Bramble*;

The

The Fright did ſo away their Breath take,
For fear it might have been an *Earthquake*,
They fell into a coldiſh *Sweat*,
And would have made a quick Retreat;
But that our *Found'reſs* better knowing
What was and what was not foregoing,
Stepp'd to the *Tub* from whence the Sound came,
Which turn'd aſide, Amaz'd ſhe found him
With knees and Elbows on the Ground,
So th' haſty *Setter* when h' has found
A cloſe lay'd *Covy*, Trembling lyes,
But ſtirs not till they're caught or riſe:
In ſuch unſeemly ſort he lay,
Though not ſo Eager as we ſay
As Dog ſo watching for his Prey;
His Appetite alaſs was dull,
And Eyes, Face, all look'd Pitiful;

When holding up his Drooping Head,
He look'd like one come from the Dead;
Like ſuch he roſe too and had a Hew
Pale as a Man in *Quartan Ague.*

When thus his *Miſtreſs*; What hard *Penance*
Is this you do here, my Acquaintance?
Did I my Heart ſo freely give,
And won't you ask my Husband leave?
'Tis ſtrange methinks, you ſhould denie
Your *Circumſtances* to *apply.*

When our Great *Founder* proudly goes t' him,
And thus in Language dire Accoſts him.
Thou that wert once belov'd of *Heaven*
And *Rome*, whoſe Badge to thee was given;
That had'ſt both power Men to Forgive
And Curſe alike, as Men Believe;

By what inducements Diabolick
Art thou at laſt become ſo Frollick,
And ſo diſturb'd with *Codpiece-itching*,
Which makes thee thus to run a *Bitching*?
Yet if thou muſt, faith 'tis not Civil
To *Horn* thy *Founder* to a *Devil*;
Conſid'ring too my Reputation
As well without, as in the Nation;
Should ſuch ill News as this be known
To th' Man that wears the *Tripple-Crown*,
For all herein you me have ſhew'd,
He'd ſoon repay your Gratitude;
But ſince he lives at too far diſtance,
I'll take my ſweet Revenge from this *Launce*;
With that he drew from out his Scabbard
At once his Grand-Sir's luſty Stabber,
And had, but that the *Fryer* cry'd out, (out.
Forc'd his Black Soul through Wounds to glide

Oh

Oh ſpare (quoth he) pray ſpare a poor
Fallen Man, that never ſin'd before;
And if your Bowels can have Mercy,
This Lady whom you now ſo fair ſee,
Can from all Imputations clear me.

With that in moſt ſubmiſſive faſhion,
To her his humble application
He would have made, but for prevention,
She *Grinn'd* him from his good Intention,
And ſaid I *Cape* you Sir, your aim
Is only for a Diſh of *Cream*;
But why ſo Modeſtly d' ye crave it,
As though you fear'd you ſhould not have it?
With that ſhe ſtepp'd unto a *Platter*
That ſtood behind our *Fornicator*,

And

And bad him ſtoop, as if ſhe had
Something in Private to have ſaid;
But as he humbly bent him down,
She turn'd the *Diſh* upon his Crown;
From whence the round craſs Liquor roll'd,
And was than Welcome, much more Bold;
Nor ſpar'd it Hair, Face, Beard; nay, far went,
And fell *guttatim*, on his Garment:
Such Comfort is to be expected,
From ſuch Miſsdeeds, as when detected;
For Pardon we are forc'd to flie
To th' Authors of our Miſery.
This made the *Founder*'s Worſhip Smile,
Prolonging dire Revenge a while;
And thus his *Miſtreſs* reſpit gave him,
From Rage of *Founder* yet to ſave him.
But now our *Aſs* in evil caſe,
'Gan to bethink him where he was;

In

In what, and how he had Offended,
And how his *Miſtreſs* might intend it;
Whether he might not well take *Pepper*,
Being made the Emblem of a *Leper*;
But then his Sighing Heart forebodes,
That three well Arm'd to one, are odds;
And ſo in pitiful Oration
Our *Confeſſor* now made *Confeſſion*.

That I was e'er inclin'd to Sinning
To now, even from my firſt beginning,
I freely own, and ask all Pardon
For what I've without Wit or Care done;
And ſince you *Madam*, will not clear me,
I do beſeech you, *Sir*, to hear me;
A Fault like this you muſt forgive,
If *Dying Words* you can believe;

Yet

Yet that I ask not, for you ſee
I cannot but deal *Candidly*:
Pardon me then, and I aſſure ye,
I never more will ſee this *Dairy*;
Nor is my Crime ſuch as you gueſs,
I only came to ſteal a *Cheeſe*.

At that, grim *Roger* with his Bat,
Hit him directy o'er the Pate,
And lay'd him flat upon the Ground Sir,
As Fiſher-man e'er laid a *Flounder*;
Then, (which indeed was too unkind)
The *Founder* of Revengeful mind,
To quench in Bloud his new rais'd *Feaver*,
Thruſt his *Toledo* through his *Liver*;
And now the Fatal Stab b'ing given,
The *Fryer*'s Soul ſet out for *Heaven*;

But whether ſhe might loſe her way,
B'ing hard for Mortal Man to ſay,
We'll leave her Foot-ſteps and come trace
The Murtherers in diſmal caſe;
Who when they felt his Pulſe was gone,
His Lips grew Cold, and Cheeks look Wan;
Horror the much griev'd *Founders* Spirit,
So ſeiz'd that none but he could bear it;
With horrid Shrieks the *Found'reſs* Schream'd;
And ſince he could not be redeem'd
From Death, ſhe vow'd that thenceforth never
Her Husband ſhould in's Arms receive her;
And in theſe firm reſolves we leave her.

Mean time, poor *Roger* and his *Maſter*
Being fall'n into this ſad Diſaſter,
Stood in a Maze, Trembling and Gaping,
But neither of 'em thought of 'Scaping,

Till

Till thus the *Man*; (as while you live Sir,
The Servant is the beſt Contriver.)

What ſtrange unuſual Bugbear Fancies
Are theſe that Captivate our Senſes,
And make us idly here to ſtay,
When we may go, nay more, Convey
This Carcaſs to ſome Place where we
Shall be from all Suſpicion free?

And canſt thou, ſaid our *Founder* (hoddy
In hopes of quitting the Dead Body)
Think of a lucky fine Contrivance,
That might procure us ſuch good riddance?

Ne'er doubt it Sir, repli'd bold *Roger*,
And thus we'll do't, againſt your Lodge here

A lofty Ladder ſtands which we
Muſt to the *Convent* Wall convey,
By help of which we'll lift this Lump, hard
By, into the *Fryer*'s Pump-yard;
Whence that it may no farther clog us,
My ſelf will drag him to the *Bogg-houſe*,
Where having ſet him in his own
Hole Sir, and pull'd his Breeches down,
There's no Man living but will think
By's *Circumſtances* of much Drink
He there Dy'd or of *Feaver Hectick*,
Or *Fit*, by th' Wiſe call'd *Appoplectick*.

No ſooner ſpake, but 'twas agree'd on,
And this Deſign they put good ſpeed on.
So having clean'd the *Griſly Courſe*
From *Milk* and *Blood*, or what was worſe,

They

They laid him by the *Convent* Borders,
Which joyn'd unto the Houſe of *Ordures*,
Then ran with ſpeed to fetch the Ladder;
(No Mortals ſure were ever gladder:)
Which brought, brave *Roger* being a Luſty
Stout Blade, tho now almoſt grown Ruſty
For want of uſe, advanc'd the Wall,
And with him bore up *Corps* and all;
Athwart the top he laid the *Carcaſs*,
And towards the *Heavens* turn'd its bare Face;
Then being a Man of Strength and Skill,
He had the Ladder at his will;
Which now Tranſpoſing to the inner
Side o' the Wall, the ſturdy Sinner
By it deſcending *Round* by *Round*,
Convey'd our *Father* to the Ground;
Whoſe *Corps* (tho tir'd) he yet did carry
To th' *Houſe* Men call ſo *Neceſſary*;

But

But being under ſome Surprize,
(As oft we fear when none is nigh's)
He miſs'd the Door, like Man of no Wit,
And carr'd him in the next door to it,
Which was the ſecond beſt, he ſhar'd it,
Whoſe Name was Father *Thomas Cartwright*,
A famous Diſputant at *Single-hand*,
The Family is ſtill in *England*:
Here *Roger* having turn'd his Breeches,
(In which he ſmelt ſome hidden Riches)
Below Knees, put him on the Seat,
And left him ſitting bolt upright,
When back returning with ſwift Travel,
Hearing a rattling on the Gravel
Walk that directly led to th' Houſe
Where Murthered *Fryer* ſat ſo cloſe,
At two large ſteps he reach'd the top
O' th' Wall, and then at one brisk Hop

He

He leap'd quite o'er, like bold *Night-padder*,
And let the Devil take the *Ladder*.

At which our *Founder* (who ſtood waiting,
And Murders Guilt too Wiſely rating)
Hearing by what moſt Wond'rous haſting,
He 'ſcap'd the danger of a Baſting;
Or (which is worſe) that plaguy trick
Of Diſlocating a Man's Neck,
Made home with's Man a ſwift return;
Where we will leave 'em till the Morn.

THE

THE ARGUMENT

Of the Second CANTO.

WHat hapned when the Murther'd Man
Was found, by whom; where put again;
From thence how gallantly convey'd,
And Warrior like was made to Ride;
Whom he purſu'd; the cauſe and reaſon
Why the poor Fryer's *clapp'd in Priſon;*
Th' Adventure that Sir Founder *made*
To free from Goal the injur'd Blade,
Proves ineffectual, and the Charge
Of Killing Father John *being large,*
Tho falſe to him, the poor Soul'd Elf,
After Confeſſion *Drowns himſelf.*

CANTO

CANTO II.

NOw look we back to find the cauſe
That Frighted *Roger* at the Cloſe
Of his Exploit, and thus it fell out,
As by the ſequel you will ſmell out:
This *Cartwright* (who as I have told,
If you remember, would ſo Scold
At Father *John* where e'er he met him,
Enough to Death almoſt to fret him,
Being Grip'd with dol'rous Pains, and troubled
In's ſmall Guts which ſo Chaf'd and Bubbled,
That he could no ways think of Sleeping,
Got up long e'er the day was peeping,
And to the *Place* of *Eaſe* was trotting,
When *Roger* o'er the Wall was Vaulting,

Where when he came and ſaw the Figure,
But now deſcrib'd without a Trigger,
Sitting to get his *Faces* free
From Goal of *Guts Delivery*,
(As he ſuppos'd) like civil Perſon
He made a mannerly reverſion;
For now he thought in point of Honour,
And in reſpect unto the Donor,
He ought not to diſturb his Senior,
Although he was for Birth the meaner;
In this quandary for a while
He walk'd and kept a hideous Coil,
Puffing, Groaning, Wrigling, Scraping,
Panting, Sobbing, Sneezing, Gaping,
Curſing, Praying, Wiſhing, Sighing,
And ſometimes too he thought of Dying;
At laſt when ſtepping to the Door
He ſaw him ſitting as before;

He Swore an Oath, (indeed a raſh one)
And thus gave way unto his Paſſion;

Thou Stinking, Sottiſh, Impious, Partial,
Wenching, Lying Envious Raſcal,
How long muſt I thus wait thy leiſure
Whil'ſt thou keep'ſt *S*------*g* out of Meaſure?
Not but I may my Burthen let out,
But I'm reſolv'd to have my Seat yet,
Which thou thy Baudy *A*----s do'ſt rub on,
And ſwelling look'ſt ſo vilely Stubborn;
I tell thee then thou'dſt beſt be ſtirring,
Or faith i'll pay thee for thy Flearing,
That thou ſhalt feel for divers Weeks the Pain,
I'll teach thee play me e'er ſuch tricks again.

With that genteely ſtooping down,
He pluck'd from Earth a mighty Stone;

Which lifting up, wilt thou (ſays he)
Sit and be Kill'd thus Sneakingly?
And then he threw in grievous Ire
From his fell Hand Death's Meſſenger;
(For ſo it prov'd altho before
The Man was Dead as Nail in Door)
Which hit his Breaſt to th' Left Pap ward,
With ſuch huge force as ſtruck him Backward.
But now our *Fryer* being oppreſt
In's Belly (more than he in's Breaſt)
Was forc'd to make, 'twas come ſo nigh,
Virtue of his *Neceſſity*;
Whereby he 'ſcap'd, and out the *Soil* went,
The ſcandal of an *A---s Deſilement*.
And now the thing being bravely done,
Which he ſo hot was bent upon;
Time gave him leave to take ſome notice
Of what he raſhly did, and how 'tis,

So

So he approach'd with Foot-ſteps wary,
His Ghoſtly lolling Adverſary,
When ſpying his grim Head depending,
And all his Body backward bending,
And that he was for all his ſtareing,
Stark dead as e'er was *Pickl'd Herring*.
At the Surprize poor *Tom* did houl out,
As if he would have Schream'd his Soul out.
But now before ſome one might hear him,
He gan to think how he might Clear him;
And having done his doleful Sonnet,
And put on his Conſidering Bonnet,
Propos'd the Queſtions, how and what way
He ſhould Convey this Father *Ottway*,
(For ſo his Name was) to ſome Private
Place which no Man might arrive at;
But 'twas in vain, the more he thought of 't.
The more his Courage made him doubt of 't

Yet

Yet Hope and Fear ſo kept their Action,
Until they wrought him to Diſtraction;
Such equal Strength and Power was ſhew'd
In each Tranſum'd *Viciſſitude*;
And now like *Bedlam* Wretch he raves,
And oft himſelf and Fate Beſlaves;
With various Motions round the Court flies,
In's Midnight melancholy Courſes.
Till's Brains now ceaſing to be giddy,
And Mind growing more ſedate and ſteady,
He thus began to recollect
His Thoughts, and Reaſons to diſſect;

What miſerable Caſe am I in,
That can yet no way think of Flying?
Yet could I, 'twould be to no purpoſe,
For all the World would be my ſure Foes;
Like fenceleſs Bruit I ſhould be Stray'd,
And every where like Dogg be Cry'd;

Old

Old *Ottway* too (who you muſt know
Was living ſtill) will *pluck a Crow*
With me, if now his Murther'd Son *John*
Ben't forthwith Buried in ſome Dungeon;
Extinct like him, then be his Race,
And *T*-----*d* ſhall be his Burying Place;
Yet here he muſt not in this Filth lye,
For all (when found) will think me Guilty,
Knowing our mutual Hate, then I
Like Traytor muſt be doom'd to Die,
Although a *Fryer* and a *Monk*'s Son,
Which will contaminate my Function.

In th' mid'ſt of theſe his ſad Reflections,
Which yet he ſoftned by Corrections,
Roleing his dreadful Eye-balls round,
At laſt he had the *Ladder* found;

Whereby

Whereby, in ſhort, he got the Slain
Over the lofty Wall again;
But as he loos'd him from cloſe Clinch,
The *Carcaſs* fell upon his *Paunch*,
Which caus'd with doleful tone to rattle
His wind from Gutts, like Guns in Battle;
Whereat the *Fryer* on the Wall
Being almoſt frighted to a Fall,
Stuck like a *Crab*, and leſt he might
Have ſeen the now *Aſcending Spright*,
Its top he cloſely did Embrace,
And turn'd to th' other ſide his Face;
Nor dar'd he change his aukward poſture,
Till he had ſaid a *Pater Noſter*;
And as 'tis uſual where much fear is,
Rehears'd ſome ſixteen *Ave Mary*'s;
Whereby he did implore the *Virgin*,
As ſhe was Pure, and ne'er did wear Sin

Of

Of any ſort, to lend her Ears,
And eaſe him of his peck of Cares:
Which done forthwith, and who would think it?
(Tho fear of th' *Ghoſt* had made him wink, yet)
He pull'd the weighty *Ladder* up,
Which ſet on th' other ſide aſloap,
He ſtep'd into't, and going to jump,
Fell down directly on his *Rump*;
But being a Man of might and main,
And getting on his Leggs again,
He ſtraight took Heart, and with a Brow
As would have made a Monarch Bow,

He thus beſpoke the yelping Courſe;
Think'ſt thou to breed in me Remorſe,
By thy pale Jaws and hollow Groaning,
For this my petty Crime of *Stoneing*

Thee to Death? Had I, (thou dull head)
Rip'd up in two thy filthy Gullet,
And cut the Pipe that in thy Throat lyes,
It had been ſomething worth thy notice;
That deed had merrited thy Crying,
Becauſe thou had'ſt been long a Dying;
But now in theſe thy days of Doteage,
'Tis plain, thou Dy'ſt for want of courage:
Peace then thou Coward, no more whining,
Nor to the *Gods* thus keep Repining;
If ſo, altho they juſtly Score thee
With thoſe pick'd out for *Purgatory*,
I'll put up ſuch loud *Mattins* for thee,
As in a Fortnight's Revolution
Shall bear thee up with Heavenly Motion:

If not---- and then he proudly Spurn'd,
And on his back the *Corps* he turn'd;

When

When notwithſtanding his Horizons,
The *Winds* ſtill backwards broke their Priſons;
The more he kept the Body jogging,
The more they ſtill kept Dialoguing;
For every ſqueeze, as for the nonce,
Sent from his Backer-parts a Bounce;
At which tho Frighted, (as no wonder)
To hear his foiſting Guts ſhoot Thunder,
He ſtoutly ſtamp'd upon his Bowels,
And (like a daſtard when in Duels,
Whoſe many Stabs ſucceeds a Fall)
Well near ſtamp'd out his Guts and all;
And thinking now from's thus being Banded,
That Life and Noiſe together ended;
Strait from his Waſte he did untie
His Rope, the Badge of Sanctity.
This Implement was thought the *Relick*
Of ſome great *Saint*, who when he fell Sick,

Upon his Death-bed left this *Halter*,
And with it this *Prophetick Pſalter*;
That who e'er kept the Sacred thing,
Should go to Heaven in a String;
And therefore 'twas in Wiſe Mens Fancies,
Suppos'd the (a) *Girdle* of Saint *Francis*;
But Father *Thomas* now in Paſſion,
Not minding the ſad Prophanation,
Contracting it into a Nooſe,
He ſlip'd it o'er the Dead Man's Face,
Then dragg'd him by the Neck like Villain
(For ſure of Grace 'twas but an ill ſign)
In this unſeemly Hang Dog faſhion
Unto the *Founder*'s Habitation,
Whoſe Front was Grac'd with Windows
And in the mid'ſt a lofty Porch,

[(a) See Dr. *Brevint*'s *Saul* and *Samuel* at *Endor*, Chap. 12. Page 269.]

Whoſe

Whoſe Inſide was to eaſe Folks Hanches,
Set round about with Wooden Benches;
On one of which our wiſe Projector
Left him alone without Protector;
Set up demurely in a Corner,
(No Wight was ever left Forlorner)
That when *Aurora*'s early Sun-ſhine
Should draw poor Folks that way a Dunning,
Or Creditors their Baggs to call in,
Or other Men to mind their Calling,
All ſuch good People might conclude
The *Founder* guilty of his Bloud.
But Oh how vain is frail Man's Project
When with the *Parcæ* he chops *Logick*!
For tho this ſeem'd a trick ſo Cunning,
To turn Old *Deſtiny* from running,
Her old Malicious way of *Thwarting*,
Or hopes of *Joy*, *Love*, *Life*, or *Sporting*;

And

And that he might now Live and Lord here,
Without ſuſpicion of the Murder;
Yet what he meant for his good Luck, ſoon
Fate turn'd about to his Deſtruction;
For now *Aurora* having Fann'd
The lower *Skies* with Roſie Hand,
She thruſt it up, in haſte to catch
Black Night, which now was forc'd to *Stretch*;
When our wiſe *Fryer* knowing well
A Crime ſo Black muſt merit *Hell*,
If once Diſcover'd, thought it beſt,
To fly thoſe Dawnings in the *Eaſt*,
That ſo e'er they ſhould ſhew the Miſchance,
He might be thence ſome ten Miles Diſtance,
And if Accus'd when he came back,
He might denie the Horrid Fact:
But now becauſe it was not meet
To play the *Courier* on two Feet,

He

He went with ſhameleſs Brow to Borrow
Some truſty Steed until the Morrow:
No ſooner had he left the Place
Sollicitous for good ſucceſs,
But *Roger* tired with Midnight Groans
Caus'd by odd Dreams of *Dead mens Bones*;
And ſeeing bright Morn begin to flout him,
Began to Sneeze and look about him;
Nor could he long, (having rubb'd his Gills)
Lye there to ruminate of Ills,
For whoſe late Birth he play'd the careful
Midwife, and therefore now was fearful,
Leſt each of theſe when Yet grown riper,
Should like a moſt ingrateful *Viper*
Fly in his Face, and ſo rip forth
The Heart of him who gave 'em Birth;
Wherefore he Mounted, and in haſte
Like a Man Mad, or elſe Poſſeſs'd,

He run, and at two luſty Leaps,
Pitch'd at the bottom of the Steps;
Nor ſtay'd he firſt to trim or dreſs him,
Horror and Grief did ſo oppreſs him.
To th' door now high'd the Frantick *Jolt-head*,
Which having ſoon Unlock'd, Unbolted,
And looking out with anxious Brow,
To ſee if all was well or no,
What Object firſt ſhould meet his Eyes
But Father *John*, at which Surprize
(Little ſuſpecting ſuch a baſe trick)
Juſt like a Man *Enthuſiaſtick*,
He *Rav'd*, *Cry'd out*, *Pray'd*, *Curs'd* and *Bann'd*,
And with the Door Bar in his hand,
With thundring pace he back aſcended
Unto his Maſter's Bed, where bended
Devoutly on his knees he found him,
With *Holy Water-pots* around him;

With

With which being frighted with the Uproar,
He waſh'd himſelf from *Crown to Crupper*;
But moſt of all he rubb'd his Face,
That ſo he might, if in this Caſe
Some Evil Spirit ſhould come nigh him,
More ſuperciliouſly defie him.
And, Oh! had *Satan* now approach'd him,
His Vengeance dire could ne'er have broach'd him;
For (as hereafter take good Notice
That croſſing ſtill *coronat opus*)
He had all o'er his Head ſuch Bars
Chequer'd upon his Face, Noſe, Ears,
Of *Red* and *Black*, by Fingers loaded,
And Hands with Bloud and Dirt Polluted,
That *Roger* ſeeing him ſo brinded,
His doleful Speech a while ſuſpended,
Amaz'd to view a thing ſo Dreadful,
Till reaſſuming thoughts more heedful,

He ſaw defac'd his Viſage ſorry,
And thus began his diſmal Story.

O Bleſs us Sir, as ſure as can be
The *Gods* with us are very angry,
Such Pranks as theſe they'd elſe ne'er play'd,
Barely to make poor Men Afraid;
Wherefore I doubt their dire Intentions
Are now grown Mellow-ripe for Vengeance:
Juſt now being wak'd by *Dæmon*'s haunting
My frighted Soul, and Spirits daunting,
I ſtarted up, and e'er you can think,
By an unlucky boding Inſtinſt,
Was hurried headlong to the Door,
So as I never was before,
Nor may I hence, for to my wonder,
The Door and Poſt being thruſt aſunder,

In

In the left corner of the Porch,
As ſtiff as he'd been done with Starch;
(Nay, ſtart not Sir, for I'm no Lier)
I ſaw our laſt Nights Murder'd *Fryer*,
With ſtareing Eyes and Finger beckning,
As he would call us to a Reck'ning.

Which ſaid, our *Founder* quite agaſt,
Groan'd as he would have Groan'd his laſt;
The Fright prevail'd ſo on his Grace,
That falling down upon his Face,
He made the Stools ſo ſhake and tatter,
They o'erturn'd all his *Holy Water*.
Thus when a Man is on *Fates* Rack,
One ill purſues th' others Back;
But he (like Man in Feaver Frantick,
Whom leſſer Evils can't make panick)

Ne'er minded yet the Sacred *Juices*,
Nor yet the breaking of his *Cruſes*,
But roleing out into the Room,
And getting once more on his Bumb,
Thus his hard Fate he did condole,
And ſpoke the Anguiſh of his Soul.

I that till now ne'er knew Preſages
Of Ills, or ſuch a thing as Rage is:
Or Sorrow, Grief, or dire Repentance,
But ſtill was clear'd by doing *Penance*;
That have Erected in good will,
A *Convent* like a *Citadel*,
And conſtituted Men, whoſe Charge is
To ſing for Souls prevailing *Dir'ges*;
That have from Youth of Ten years Age been
Devout before the Bleſſed *Virgin*;

And

And for her ſake, have ſtill been kind to
Thoſe of her Sex I had a *mind to* ;
That have the *Saints* from top to bottom
Implor'd like Subtle man of *Gotham*,
And brought large *Offerings* to their *Shrines*,
To be thus ſlighted for my Pains;
That have the *Pope* ſo greas'd i'th Fiſt,
Thenceforth to do even what I liſt,
With ſilver and with golden Stivers,
(Into *Popes* Hearts the deepeſt divers)
Which yet a while will warm his *Kitchen*,
And if it wants it, pay for *Pitching* :
Nay, have I too obtain'd for theſe,
Liberty both to live and pleaſe
My ſinful Appetite theſe hundred
Years, e'er which I ſhall be ſtone Dead.
If now His *Holineſs* will ſuffer
Men than Salvage Lyons ruffer,

VVhoſe

VVhoſe *Juſtice* much moleſts the Nation,
To ſet aſide his *Diſpenſation*;
VVhich if they do, I had been ſafer
VVith a brown piece of rotton *Paper*:
Nay, have I been ſo well acquainted
VVith Hundreds who are now all *Sainted*,
And fe'd the Clerk of every new Liſt,
For which I ſtill was fairly promis'd;
Nay, *Cardinal*-------- did aſſure me
That I ſhould be fore Saint o'th' *Jury*,
VVhich ſhall to their laſt Tryal call
Thoſe of his Order *Popes* and all;
And muſt I like unthinking *Tony*,
Having ſpent all my *Patrimony*,
Thus ſneakingly be laid o' th' Back
Uſeleſs as is old *Almanack*;
Be polted from Preferment farther
For this poor little piece of Murther?

Yet

Yet ſtay, methinks I'm too Ambitious
Of *Fate*, not yet ſo Expeditious;
For what ill *Genius*, Far or Nigh dare
Tax me with Murthering this our *Fryer*?
Nor can himſelf for he 's defunct,
Yet how the Devil came his Trunck
Into my Porch? The Devil knows,
(Quoth *Roger*) in the ſelf ſame Cloaths
In which he ſaw your Wife laſt Night;
Go down, and there you'll ſee him ſit.

He lives reply'd our joyful *Founder*;
Down then, and forthwith ſee the Wonder.

E'er ſince I've been your humble Servant,
(Quoth *Roger*) I am ſure I ne'er went
To what you ſaid in Oppoſition;
But now ſo ſtands my low condition,

That

That Manners bid me take good heeding,
And pay reſpect unto your Breeding;
Wherefore do you approach him firſt.
And bid Defiance do her worſt,
And if the Raſcal dares Abuſe ye,
I'll be at hand and will Excuſe ye.

Thou peeviſh, fearful, ſnivling Brat,
Of Courage inconſiderate,
Reply'd his Maſter, muſt I be
A Cloak for thy *Timidity*;

Down or I'll----- at that like Puppet
He nimbly down the Stairs does hop it;
And having thruſt wide ope the Door,
He pray'd him once more go before;
Nor could the *Founder*, though he Falter'd,
And Colour in his Face was alter'd,

Now

Now ſhew himſelf ſo great a Coward
To bauk the offer, but went toward
This thing, which now he thought had been
Or living Man, or *Hobgobling*,
Till near advanc'd, with trembling Voice
He thus began to *make a Noiſe.*

What art thou that do'ſt here Invade
My Boundaries with aſpect ſad,
And here ſo early tak'ſt thy ſeat up,
Staring as if thou would'ſt us eat up?
Sure not long ſince I've ſeen this Viſage
Worn by a Mortal of this wiſe Age;
Then what made thou aſſume his Body,
To ſit here with't like ſimple Noddy?
Was it to Frighten me? avaunt,
Thou airy Fool, and Children Daunt;

But think not I am ſuch a faint Mome,
To be concern'd at every *Phantom*:
I do conjure thee then by *Mary*,
To tell me if thou art a *Fairy*,
Or if not, what, in Language civil,
Whether thou art *God*, *Man*, or *Devil*?

Whil'ſt to theſe Queſtions he expected
An Anſwer back to him directed,
That ſhould ſolve all Interrogations,
And ſo prevent Expoſtulations,
Inſtead thereof to all his Queſtions
He ſat as dumb as were the *Free-ſtones*;
Whereat the *Founder* in great Dudging,
To be thus fool'd at his own Lodging,
Swore he ſhould there no longer tarry,
By's *Maker* and the *Virgin Mary*

Which

Which ſaid, he pull'd him by the Hand,
To ſee if he could make him ſtand,
Inſtead whereof, (and 'twas a hazard
He had not broke his knotty Mazard)
He fell againſt the *Founder*'s Noddle,
Who thinking that he conld have ſtood well,
Ne'er minded yet the falling Wight,
Which ſtruck his heels to ſuch a height,
His Shoulders firſt came to the Ground,
Where both lay Dead and in a Sound;
This rouzing *Roger* from his Dumps,
He now began to ſtir his Stumps;
Low to his Maſter down he bends,
And pull'd him by his Fingers ends,
To ſee, (ſuch was his good Contriving)
If that would any ways revive him;
And to add ſtrength unto the Charm,
(Though all this while he thought no harm)

To every Finger *Ave* ſung,
And *Pater Noſter* to each Thumb,
Till finding theſe were Shams, his Noſe
He Tweak't, then drew off both his Shooes,
And with dexterity of wit,
Tickled the bottoms of his Feet:
By theſe and ſuch like kinds of *Magick*,
VVell carried on by rules of *Logick*,
He ſoon recall'd him from his Slumber,
And thus began his thoughts to number.

As plain as day it now appears
This Body is the *Luſtful Fryer*'s,
Whom Barbarouſly we Kill'd laſt Night,
Laid here by ſome revengeful Spright,
VVho is reſolv'd, come what come will come,
Juſtice for Murther ſhall be ſtill done.

Yet

Yet can't we now employ our Engines,
To ſend him packing with a Vengeance.

I have it Sir, and if you'll be
Not ſtubborn in Conformity,
I'll ſend him hence in ſuch condition
As ſhall procure no Mans ſuſpicion,
By ſuch a fine Device which ſhall
Convey him hence for good and all;
In yonder Stable ſtands your *Stone-horſe*,
(The World beſides has no ſuch grown Horſe)
Yet left to him you'll quit your Title,
(Pray *Heavens* that too don't prove too little)
There's naught on Earth that can us ſave
From *Halter* and *Unhallow'd Grave*;
The thing is this, (nor play the Sot,
To bauk or Diſſallow the *Plot*.)

I'll

I'll ſtrait go fetch the noble *Palfray*,
Who I foreſee will make no ſmall Fray;
Which being adorn'd with golden Trappings,
Such as are Proof againſt hard Rappings;
We'll Arm this Corps like Souldier *Haile*,
From top to Toe with Coat of *Mail*,
And bind him faſt unto the Saddle,
So that he may be ſure to ride well;
With Feet cloſe faſt'ned to the Stirops,
Then like a new Gigantick *Merops*
Let him go looſe, and if he can, take
Jove's Throne, and all his Treaſures ranſack.

Which ſaid, (for now to his intent
His Maſters ſilence gave Conſent)
He this brave Beaſt the work to foment,
Hither conducted in a Moment;

And

And now they bring the Warlike Harneſs,
Done o'er with Gold and Silver Varniſh,
With which the Horſe, (as *lies* the Story)
Appear'd like any *Dromedary*;
Bright Armour too they bring and Weapon,
And firſt they put a ſtout Steel Cap on
The *Fryer*'s Head, then both agree,
And ſo they Arm him *Cap-a-pe*;
Which done, into the glittering Barbs
They lifted him, but as for Curbs
There wanted none, for 'twas agree'd,
The faſter haſt, the better ſpeed;
Yet leſt his Left hand ſhould be idle,
For want of longer Rains to th' Bridle,
That too with Pack-thread they conjoyn
Unto the Horſes platted Mane;
And now being lock'd faſt on the Middle
Of an Embroider'd goodly Saddle,

And thus equipp'd to take a Sally,
But whether no man then could tell ye:
The *Sun* that's oft the earlieſt mover,
Dark Plots and Murthers to diſcover,
Like a rare Artiſt that could foreſee,
Rouz'd up to bring him on his Journey;
When Father *Thomas*, who had been
With a poor B*aker* of his Kin,
Who by his Intereſt had the favour
Of Baking many a *Godden Wafer*,
To borrow an old dapple Mare,
To bear him to a neighbouring Fair,
(For ſo he told him, tho' he longed
To fly the Danger of being Hanged;)
And having got the Ambling Jennet,
Who tho in years was not full ten yet,
He now ſet out with Cudgel rapping
Her Bum, for joy he was Eſcaping;

When

When coming in a full Career
The Road our *Founder*'s Cottage near,
(For that way led to Men of main Senſe
That were of old his good Acquaintance)
And blundering on with hobling Gallop,
Whereby the Beaſt hard Flints did ſcale up;
Juſt as he came the Porch acroſs-ward,
It hapned that the *Mare* being *Horſe-ward*,
Sent from her backer parts a Savour,
(To *Stone-horſe* a moſt grateful Flavour)
Which ſnuffing up, with bonnd the *Stallion*
Ran out, as who ſhould ſay, we fall on;
And in purſuance of the (a) *Cattle*,
Made on the Stones ſuch grievous rattle,
With ſuch Curvets, and hideous *Neighing*,
That Father *Thomas* backward 'ſpying.

[(a) The *Mare* and the *Fryer*.]

The ſwift approach of *Giant* Warlike,
In Equipage no Ruffian wore like,
Tho firſt he took him for a Stranger,
Yet fearing there might be ſome Danger,
Spurring his *Mare*, he did exhort her
To ſwifteſt Pace from ſpeed three quarter;
But had ſhe ran ſix times as nimble
As Night-hagg ſails in *Wooden Thimble*,
Her haſte had been dull and ſegnitious,
Compar'd to *Stallion* ſo Salatious,
For now 'twas eaſie to be found
The *Warrior* behind got Ground;
Which Father *Thomas* plain perceiving,
Began to think how to relieve him,
And looking back, as ſoon began
To think that he ſhould know the Man;
When at a ſecond View, behold!
All as I've ſaid, emboſs'd with Gold,

He

He ſaw as plain his Murder'd Brother,
As Mortal Men can ſee each other,
Mounted aloft ſo gay and trim,
And (as he thought) in queſt of him,
Tho the Purſuit was *Palfray*'s care
To overtake the Buxom *Mare*;
But he who had of Brains great portion,
To judge mens meanings by mens Motion,
Knew he did now for Vengeance call,
Becauſe he never mov'd at all;
For tho the *Horſe* Ran, Leap'd, and Neigh'd,
The Dead Man ſat as he was ty'd:
And now for all the *Fryer*'s Beating
His tired Jade, quite faint with Sweating,
The *Stallion* behind was come
So cloſe, he Leap'd upon her Bum,
And with his pawing horney Hoofs,
Gave the poor *Fryer* ſuch hard Cuffs

On's *Leggs*, *Knees*, *Thighs*, *Sides*, *Back* & *Shoulders*,
That leſt h' had us'd his Hands for Holders,
What with his Fear, and what with Knockings
The *Stone-horſe* gave in's Amorous Lockings,
H' had fallen off, and in the main Bout
(If any there) had daſh'd his Brains out;
But *Fate* preſerv'd him from this Shock,
Longer to be her Laughing-ſtock;
For now in Hells of Fear and Pain,
Leaning upon his ſpent Steeds Mane,
He thus Invokes with Acclamations,
Fiends, Mens and Juſter *Heaven*'s Compaſſions,

If there be any, (as in Viſion
I've ſeen) fair *Fields* they call *Elizian*,
Thence I call up ſome Pitying *Dæmon*,
For Aid 'gainſt him who now does ſeem *one*;

And

And who e'er comes to my Aſſiſtance,
Through ſo Profound and dark a Diſtance,
To him I'll ſing without abatings,
Each Morning tide, ſome twenty *Mattins*;

Nay, I'll Erect------ with that a thump
Of *Stallion*'s fury on his Rump,
Came pelting down, ſo that the Blow beat
His Soul near from her Carnal Socket;
Nor yet he fell, but in Confuſion
Lean'd forward, quite depriv'd of Motion,
Till after ſome three Minutes pawſing,
He fell to's former way of Gloſing.

And am I left quite deſtitute,
To be knock'd down by ſenſeleſs Bruit?
(For ſuch he ſeems, altho by's Trade
I fear he's *Fiend* in *Maſquerade.*)

Since

Since Devils then wont hear Petitions
Of Men, fallen into their Deriſions,
Which is a thing to all moſt hateful;
To me tho chiefly moſt Ingrateful,
For I have been to'em all a Son
Than any proud *Dominican*
More true and aiding, (mine's the Praiſe)
Than if I'd liv'd in (a) *Getzer*'s Days.
Since then 'Ive ſpent my Spirits Vital,
For this abuſive damn'd Requital,
I'll fly their Rights, and if they look ill,
E'en let 'em turn about their Buckle;
Yet now what boots it, if I muſt
Be Bruis'd and Pounded quite to Duſt?
Will no Man come this happy way ſoon,
That I might make my Application,

[(a) See Dr. *Burnet*'s Firſt Letter of his Travels, Page 32.]

And

And ſing him ſuch a mournful Ditty,
As needs would raiſe a Stone to pitty?
Then Die poor *Fryer*, but firſt Shackle
Thy *Beads* for *Heav'nly* Receptackle,
And pray the *Deity*'s above,
Both great and ſmall, by all their love,
To *Romans* poor, if yet they bear it,
Not to reject a Juſt Man's Merit;
But if in *Heav'n* they can't yet ſtow him,
To pay yet part of what they owe him;
Deliverance from this dire *Viſion*,
Which thus does thump him in Deriſion;

Which ſaid, he paus'd whil'ſt diſcontent
Sat high upon his Fore-head bent;
For tho he ſcarcely forbore Crying,
Yet he was loath to think of Dying;

Untill

Until the Horſe ſtill playing new tricks,
Gave him a touch upon the (a) *Coccyx*,
Which caus'd ſuch anguiſh in his Breech,
As made him houl his *Dying Speech.*

Hear all ye God-heads of the Skies,
And judge if now I utter Lies.
Hear all ye wiſe Intelligences
That guide the Stars, whoſe Influences
Rule o'er us Men, and make us go
To Death, whether we will or no;
But chiefly thou, O Bleſſed Lady!
Who lov'ſt to ſit in Bowers Shady,
And (b) *Succle with thine own dear Pap*
A Holy Father in thy Lap;

[(a) The Rump bone.]

[(b) See Dr. *Brevint's Saul* and *Samuel* at *Endor*, Chap. 3. page 54. and Chap 6. page 148.]

And

And if he chance to Burn or Bliſter,
Can'ſt ſoon apply a cooling Clyſter;
That haſt read many a Godly Sermon
Unto thy Husband (a) Joſeph Harman;
And many others thou haſt Married,
No one of which have e'er Miſcarried,
But have quite free'd thee from the gall
Of Sin they call Original;
That Rul'ſt o'er one and Equal'ſt th' other,
And ſtill do'ſt (b) *ſhew thy ſelf a Mother;*
Yet to the Saints *art ſtill more kind*
And ſofter than a Southern *Wind;*
Hear my Complaint, and come Aſſiſt me,
That had the Honour once to Kiſs thee.

[(a) See the ſame Book, Chap. 3. page 54 and 55.]

(b) See the Hymn to the Bleſſed *Virgin* in the *Officium parvum beatæ Mariæ*, towards the end of the Diurnal, page 48. *Monſtra te eſſe Matrem.*

As for my Life and Converſation,
'Tis known I've kept a faithful Station;
Nor have I ſwerv'd one point or tittle
From Romiſh Altar, Cream, *or* Spittle;
Or e'er omitted Extream Unction,
Or ought belonging to my Function.
No heaps of Coin I e'er came nigh,
To break my Vow of Poverty;
But have in Want took more Content
Than e'er did wandering Mendicant.
I could by longer Converſation,
More Works of Supererogation
Relate, of which not præadmoniſh'd,
To hear 'em you would be Aſtoniſh'd,
But thoſe I've reckon'd up before,
Will do as well as forty more;
For ſuch a Lady like you Bleſs'd,
Might eaſily ſuppoſe the reſt,

Or

Or more might know, for I miſtruſt
You know all thoſe I mention'd firſt;
Did none of 'em e'er to you come?
I'm talk'd of mightily at Rome.

But now whil'ſt he, (as Men are wont)
Began to be Extravagant
In his own Praiſes to the *Virgin*,
Who little thought he had ſo rare been;
(For tho 't may be preſum'd this *Goddeſs*
Could ne'er refuſe a Suit ſo modeſt:
Yet I confeſs, ſay what you can Sir,
She made him none or little Anſwer.)
The *Stallion* ſtout (who with hot flame
Yet Courted his inviting Dame) (Hocks
Came with ſuch force with both his ſhrewd
Upon poor *Dapples* cripled Buttocks

As forc'd her make a civil Court'ſie,
And though the Ground was ſomewhat dirty,
That ſhe ne'er minded, but in poſture
Stood complaiſant to Horſe and Maſter;
Till by a baſe unlucky ſtumble,
Her Rider ſhe on Ground did humble,
Where whil'ſt he lay himſelf bemoaning,
And dapple on her back lay groaning,
The Valiant *Stone-horſe* left his Courting,
And nighing pranc'd with hideous Snorting;
Tho Father *John* ſtill ſat upright,
As Souldier Arm'd and bent to Fight;
But now bright *Sol* his Curled Locks
Waving upon the Golden Flocks;
The careful *Shephards* think it good,
To go releaſe 'em for their Food,
And one by chance who came that way,
And ſaw this lamentable Fray,

Was

Was firſt reſolv'd to give Relief
To this poor Man oppreſs'd with Grief;
Wherefore advancing with his Crook,
Which oft at Father *John* he ſhook;
He came and ſtood his faithful Guardian,
But his cramp'd Tongue had yet no Word on;
Fear o'er his Pallate did ſo ſtrong glide,
It made him abſolutely Tongue-ty'd,
Till ſtriving in weak Speech to mutter,
He faintly ask'd him, *What's the Matter?*

Sir, I confeſs, reply'd this Holy
Fryer, (you'll ſoon find I tell no Lie;)
He whom on yonder Horſe you ſee,
Was laſt Night Murther'd, and by me;
Not that I get one ſingle Groat
By's Death, then think I meant it not;

But

But throwing by ill chance a Stone,
Which ſtruck him on his ſhort-rib Bone,
(For ſo it was, or may I Rot)
It Kill'd him Dead upon the ſpot,
And yet forſooth, 'tis now his Pleaſure
To haunt me for't beyond all meaſure:
No ſooner got I on yon *Mare*
This Morn, to take repaſt of Air,
But he like Ruffian vile in Ryot,
Purſu'd me to diſturb my Quiet,
And ſeems to live again, however
His *Soul* and *Body* came together,
To me is ſtrange, but for more proofs,
See his grim *Palfray*'s Horney Hoofs,
With which he roſe upon my Crown,
And as you ſee, have knock'd me down;
Wherefore to you I make Addreſs,
To free me from this deep Diſtreſs.

Sir,

Sir, I believe, (returnd the *Shephard*,
With Eyes agaſt and briſtling Whay-Beard)
That what you've ſaid muſt needs be truer
Than any thing in Goſpel pure,
For, loe! with Joy the Man is Burſt
And fallen again unto his Duſt.

(For now the Beaſt ſo long had ſhackled
His Trappings that he broke the Packthread,
And Father *John* as in a *S*wound,
Came topſi-turvy to the Ground.)
Wherefore to me tho your requeſt is,
I firſt reſolve to do him Juſtice;
And as for you e'er 'tis too late,
I'll bring you to a Magiſtrate,
And ſuch a one too *S*ir, believe me,
As from all Pains will ſoon relieve ye.

Which

Which ſaid, (and calling mighty *Speed* up)
He firſt hope him and then his *Steed* up;
Which done, like Man of Mettle ſprack,
He ſet the one on th' others Back,
And then to make up the *Decorum*,
Laid Father *John* athwart before him.
Thus now advanc'd the *Shephard Sage*,
And to compleat the Equipage,
He led 'em with dejected Viſage
Unto a little Neighbouring Vilage,
Where liv'd one Mr. Juſtice *Nogger*,
A New rais'd little *Petty-Fogger*;
None ſuch now acts upon our Dry-land,
Unleſs 'tis one who lives at *Mile-end*.
This unexperienc'd raw *Bogg-trotter*,
That in his *Horn-book* ſcarce knew Letter,

Being

Being now in Fortune's gaudy dreſs,
To him the Country had acceſs;
For tho he knew no Rules of *Syntax*,
Yet he could frighten Folks with *Green-wax*:
And now where all the Boreiſh noiſe is,
Come we to th' ſplitter of deep Cauſes,
Who when he heard our *Fryer*'s Crime,
With circumſtance of Place and time,
Well weighing evil Mens Conditions,
And joyning well theſe Propoſitions,
That *Puniſhment* ſucceeds *Confeſſion*,
And where no Law, there's no Tranſgreſſion,
Forthwith proceeded to paſs Sentence
Upon him, maugre all's Repentance;
To be hang'd up by twitch of Halter,
Without the benefit on's *Pſalter*;
Nor would he till the next *Aſſize*
Accept of Bail or good Main-prize,

Since he alone (he thought) could ſave,
Or truſs up the Inhuman Knave;
Yet it ſeem'd fitting in the Man's Senſe
That he ſhould have that day for *Penance*,
And that the next unwelcome Morning
Should put an Exit to his Mourning:
But now in haſt flew out a *Hagg* around,
A Loitering Baggage and a Vagabond,
That bears on Wings her evil Cargoes,
And's better fraught with Eyes than *Argus*,
That Miſchief loves to feed and Mouze on,
And has of Ears and Tongues a Thouſand,
With which the Lying Envious whore is
Still hearkning to or telling Stories,
And often by her ſleeveleſs Errands,
Sets Men with Men at points of Variance,
And therefore our Fore Fathers call'd her
Miſs Fame, the Daughter of an old Cur,

Who

Who in her Youthful days had taught her
To *Cry* loſt things when they were ſought for;
This Prattling Slut now her old ways went
To all the Villages adjacent,
Spreading what News ſhe'd heard and ſeen,
And what ill caſe the Man was in;
(Not in the leaſt that ſhe intended
The *Fryer* ſhould be now Befriended,
But more becauſe ſhe could not chuſe,
But keep her Faculties in uſe)
With ſuch a ſtrange and hideous Hubbub,
That none in City, Town, or Suburb
Was free from theſe her baulings Clamorous,
But as ſhe went they curs'd G--d Dam her A--s.
And now this Wench being on her Circuit
Unto a little *Welch* Pigg-Market,
There and in all the near abidings,
With open Mouth to tell the Tydings,

VVith plodding Brow and ſerious Face
She met by chance our *Founder*'s Grace;
Nor could ſhe let this Don eſcape her,
But thus began with nimble Clapper;

VVell met Great Sir, (quoth ſhe) moſt kindly,
As you came through the *Mart* behind ye,
Did no Man tell you he had hear'd there
Of an Inhuman ſort of Murther,
Lately committed by a *Fryer*,
And on one too who liv'd hard by here?

No truly Maid, (reply'd our *Founder*,)
The truth of it would raiſe my wonder,
To think debate could make ſuch Brethren
To hackle one anothers *Weaſon*,
Or in one raiſe up ſuch a Curs'd Heart,
To make the other e'er the worſe for't.

Hear

Hear then the Tale, (quoth ſhe) for ſince ye
VVon't me believe, that ſhall convince ye:

VVith that ſhe gave him the Relation,
Deck'd with her own Amplification,
(For ſhe for fear't ſhould ſpoile her Marriage,
Ne'er yet loſt any thing in Carriage.)
But when ſhe came about to mention
The manner of his Apprehenſion,
And that the late ſlain Man on *War Horſe*
Mounted, his Murd'rer did ſo Harrace,
And with his Armour did ſo clout him,
That he had not a Thread about him,
VVhen Seiz'd on, but one might with eaſe
Have wrung from't near a pound of Greaſe;
And that when this lew'd wretch was Taken,
The Murther'd man to ſave his Bacon,

Relinquiſhing

Relinquiſhing his Vital Breath,
Return'd again unto his Earth.

Our *Founder* thought 'twas now great Non-(ſence
To kick againſt the pricks of Conſcience;
Being therefore loath the diſmal Pother
He rais'd ſhould light upon another,
He left the VVench and mov'd his ten Toes
As to the *Fryer* his full bent was;
And now being grown near Mad or Frantick,
And ſoon being come with Poſtures Antick,
In proſpect of this VVretch Relenting
And for this grievous Sin Repenting,
VVith Viſage ſtern and bruitiſh Bleating,
He thus began in Language threatning:

Raſcal thou art t' aſſume ſuch Arrogance
As ne'er did man that rode in *Caravans*.

VVhat

VVhat Impudence haſt thou to own
A Fact ſo great? Sir now 'tis done
(Reply'd our *Father*) like a Slave I
Had rather own't and cry *Peccavi*,
Than diſavow't, and which I abhor,
Be ſurely Damn'd for ſuch my Labour.
Sirrah, return'd our *Founder* ſawcy,
You'd beſt in this be not too Noiſey;
I mean, how durſt thou Patronize
A Crime I'm proud of as my *Eyes*?
Sir (ſaid the *Fryer*) ſome ſmall Gleanings
I gather of your Myſtick meanings,
Yet if you farther mean to meddle,
I pray ſweet Sir, expound your Riddle,
Elſe how can you e'er Guilty plead
Unto a Fact another did?
Thou Ly'ſt like Villain baſe, in plain ſence,
There's *quid pro quo*, my old Acquaintance,

Reply'd

(Reply'd the *Founder*) good Sir, tarry,
(Return'd the *Fryer*) I'm before ye;
From what I've ſaid I'll ne'er retract,
And I've already own'd the Fact,
Which ſince you ſeem to be ſo proud of,
Sure by the *Saints* it is allow'd of;
Then why ſhould you be ſo Laborious,
To rob me of what's Meritorious;
Wherefore without that Envious ſmile,
E'en let us now thus Reconcile
The Differences we are at,
By ſending to the *Magiſtrate*,
VVho when h' has heard on both ſides well,
Proof plain and Circumſtantial,
As he ſhall think moſt fit t' award it,
So you or I ſhall be rewarded.
VVhich done, and now the Cauſe being Pleaded
On both ſides as the matter needed,

Tho

Tho both gave Evidence of's Groaning,
As well when *Stabb'd*, as after *Stoneing*,
Yet our Wiſe *Juſtice* thought in troth,
He never could be Kill'd by both;
And therefore taking them to pieces,
(For no way's better ſure than this is)
He ask'd 'em, to find out the Crime,
Not of the *manner* but the *time*,
And ſo pick'd out the doubtful Caſe,
That the more *Worthy* had took Place;
And therefore of the Murther Filthy,
Was forc'd to find the *Founder* Guilty;
Who tho a Man that Bare and Plain went,
Yet he did much diſdain Confinement,
From one who whileom ſerv'd mine *Hoſteſs*
Tho now advanc'd to be a *Juſtice*;
Beſides Guilt Rack'd his Soul with Frenſies,
He rav'd like one quite out of's Senſes;

Nor could be Brook the dreadful Sentence
To *Felons Goal*, of being ſent hence;
And ſo he told him, whence aroſe
A hot Diſpute, which came to Blows;
Now tho the *Juſtice* ſhrewdly *Flux'd* him,
The *Founder* worſted him at *Boxing*;
By which, and by a certain knack,
With's Heels, he threw him on his Back;
Which done, like Lunatick from *Bedlam*,
He thruſt ſome twenty People Headlong:
Thus clearing's Paſſage to be gone,
And leave the *Fryer* as his Pawn;
Nor did our *Juſtice*, wiſely thinking
He was thus Mad of too much Drinking,
Endeavour in the leaſt to ſtop,
Or to obſtruct his ſwift Eſcape,
But gave a ſtrict command of Care
To be kept o'er the Priſoner.

The

The *Even* now like *Cardice Poſſet*,
Turn'd from a lighter Gray to Ruſſet,
When *Fryer Tom* was forc'd to launch in
Back to his pretty Houſe of Manſion,
Where his approaching Ruine rating,
He thus began Expoſtulating.

A *Fryer* I was made by Birth,
A naſty Clod of ſtinking Earth,
And now the end of all my Toil
VVill well befit ſuch filthy Soil;
Yet whether muſt I? tell me whether?
VVhen *me* from *me* cold Death ſhall ſever?
Tell me then my Guardian *Angel*,
Through what Deſarts muſt I ramble?
For loe! I'm now about to come
To *Nature's dark retiring Room.*

Had

Had I been Born, liv'd on, and Dy'd
A *Roman* never Dignify'd,
The Circumſtances I am in
Had never half ſo dreadful been;
But to be dragg'd from Holy *Altar*,
To cloſe Embrace of Hempen *Halter*,
Plus ſufficit I'm ſure to make
The ſtouteſt braveſt Hero quake;
Then ſhall I (like a wretch e'en Love ſick
For *Hemp*) be made Example publick?
That would not only black my 'Scutcheon,
But all my *Order* leave a Blot on.
If then I muſt, (as 'tis too ſure)
Be truſs'd up without hopes of Cure,
The fatal means ſhall be my own;
Nor will I be the Shame o' th' Town;
Which ſaid, he look'd as his intent
Was to find out ſome Inſtrument,

Which

Which by a skillful application
To's Throat, might end his direful Paſſion;
But how to make this fine Inciſion,
Hard *Fate* had made him no Proviſion;
Nor could he to have ſav'd his Life,
Much leſs to loſe it, find a Knife.
Thus ſore perplex'd, the Man of Sin goes
With tardy Steps unto the Windows,
Whence looking down, behold a *Pond*
Embrac'd the *Goal* Foundation;
(Or't had been one i'th' days of Yore,
Tho now 'twas like a Common-ſhoar,
For as by Authors has been quoted,
The *Place* had formerly been Moted.)
This deep and Suffocating *Bogg*
For a fine Grave ſo pleas'd the Rogue,
That ſoon recalling ſprightly Action,
He made ſo large and wide a Fraction

Quite

Quite through the Window, that the Breach
Was near as high as one could reach;
Where now advanc'd the wretched ſlave,
Of the Curs'd World took his laſt leave;
Which being perform'd in civil Speech,
Unto the Room he turn'd his Breech,
That ſo he might a while by looking,
Be th' ſurer not to miſs his Footing;
And now being ready for the dreadful
Jump, he ſpake theſe words moſt heedful.

Bleſſed Virgin, *Mihi charis*,
That art call'd Bright (a) *Stella Maris*;
That haſt the *Seas* at thy Command,
And ſo by conſequence this *Pond*;

(a) See the Hymn to the Bleſſed *Virgin* in the *Officium parvum*, before Quoted.

(For

(For as our Logick well doth mind us,
The *Majus* ſtill includeth *Minus*)
Uphold me now, that I may float
As well as if I had a Boat.

(But notwithſtanding all he ſaid,
He might as well have *Hoop'd* or *Pray'd*
To *Caſtor* and his Brother *Pollux*
To have upheld him by the *B*-----*x*)
So from the Window forward leaning,
He briefly told the World his Meaning;

Thus to the *Saints* above I flye,
And ſwim into *Eternity.*

Then off he leap'd it from aloft,
And tho the Fall no doubt was ſoft,

Yet

Yet being in, the VVater Bubbled
As if the Man indeed was troubled;
But not being able there to utter
His Thoughts, we'll leave him in the Gutter.

THE

THE ARGUMENT

Of the Third CANTO.

WIld Conſcience does ſuch prickings keep,
The frighted Founder *cannot Sleep,*
Becauſe the Fryer *now lyes Drown'd*
For Murther when he gave the Wound;
Theſe ſad Reflections caus'd him (day
Being broke) to make himſelf away:
The manner of his Death, and how
Man Roger *did his aid beſtow.*

CANTO III.

NOw turn we back an Eye to ſee
The *Founder* end the Tragedy;
Whoſe Eye-lids no ſoft Sleep could cloſe,
Nor Slumber give him ſweet Repoſe;
His Heart did ſo boil o'er with Grief,
And Pulſe as it did want Relief:
No ſooner turn'd he on his ſide
To cloſe his Eye-balls ſtaring wide,
But whisk a Devil that from *Hell* flew,
Would come and nick him on the Elbow;
Then if he offer'd to complain,
Forthwith appear'd a Grinning Train
Of *Fiends* with *Fire-prongs* round him vamping,
(Or ſo he thought, and that's the ſame thing.)

Then

Then if he turn'd upon his Belly,
A little *Imp* would come and rally
His guilty Conſcience with new Fear,
And then would pinch him by the Ear:
In this condition he lay Sweating,
Until *Aurora*'s *Drums* were Beating
Their early Onſet, in purſuance
Of ſable Darkneſs that now flew hence;
When looking round in manner Penſive,
As of his Fate too apprehenſive;
Beneath the Ceiling was a Wheel
For Roaſting *Mutton*, *Beef* or *Veal*;
Green-Geeſe or *Turkies Piggs*, or *Capon*,
Or any other Joynt ſhould happen;
Round which there went a pretty *Jack-line*,
Which having 'ſpy'd, he lik'd the Tackling;
For well he thought, the Rope being Greaſy,
Would ſit about his Neck more Eaſie:

Now you muſt know through Chamber Flore
Was cut a Paſſage like Trap-door,
For Weights at end of Line to go,
(On days of Feaſting) to and fro;
Which here I mention not for Laughter,
But for ſome cauſe you'll ſee hereafter.
Then ſtrait he leap'd upon a Table,
By help of which, being one of able
Parts, he reach'd the Hemp ſo Fatal
(That our good *Catholicks* ſince hate all.)
Which having fitted for his Neck,
He put it on and thus he ſpake.

When in gay Pomp and Glory I
Appear'd a little Deity,
Who would have thought this Inſtrument
So often us'd to my Content,

By

By turning Joynts for *Popiſh* Rabble,
That Fed at my Luxurious Table,
Should (as it were a thing moſt fit)
Prove it's poor Maſter's *Choaking-bit*:
I muſt confeſs, that had I been
A *Heretick* and full of Sin,
Theſe Troubles of Infernal raiſing
Had never been ſo much Surprizing;
But as I am a Man of Honour,
And to the *Church* a goodly Donor,
(Although I ſay't that ſhould not ſay't)
I think I ſcarce deſerve a *doit*
Of what I now unjuſtly feel,
The Pricks of Conſcience as of Steel,
VVhich ſoon will force me to diſpatch
My ſelf, excuſing Mr. *Ketch*.
If Former Crimes compar'd with Latter
May be, 'twill Palliate the Matter;

Or

Or could a Man, (for that 'tis I mean)
Plead *Crimen excuſare Crimen*,
I could in ſpight of all my Foes,
Come off without a Bloudy Noſe;
For long time ſince I've Murther'd bravely,
And him I Kill'd, whom I would have Die,
Yet never was I forc'd to Fight
With Fiends as I have done laſt Night;
Then if I have ſo plaid the Man,
Who knows but I may do't again,
And ſhake off all theſe little Bug-bears,
That but 'en now ſo play'd the Juglers,
Tormenting me with *Præſto paſs*,
And uſing me ſo like an *Aſs*.

Beſides----- But then he pauſing cry'd,
Alaſs! What makes thee ſo afraid?

Diſtracted

Diſtracted Wretch, thy Fate draws nigh,
And cry's aloud, prepare to Die.
VVhat then avails thy Frantick Rage,
Which this dear *Rope* muſt ſoon aſſwage;
Yet here muſt all thy Hopes Concenter,
And in this point lies all the Venture;
Long ſince, I call to mind, His *Holineſs*,
(And he in Gratitude could do no leſs)
Thus promis'd me; For all thy Coſt,
Thy Pious Labour ſhan't be loſt;
Thy *Acts* of *Merit* ſhall out-weigh
A thouſand ſins, as one may ſay,
And bring thee to the Saints own Nation,
VVithout the *Fiery Purgation.*
VVhy then ſhould I diſpute the truth
Of words yet Reeking from *Pope*'s Mouth?
Nor is't a thing ſo barely *Dictum*,
But Reaſon ſays it is no *Fictum.*

Merits

Merits are Midwives to *Extrahere*
Mercy for Men of Parts and Bravery;
And 'tis agreed a Handſom Payer
May Merit hugely without Prayer;
Nor was there e'er a Plague or Curſe ſent
To th' Man that made a large Disburſment;
Then I that have beſtow'd already
So many Pounds for Churches Edi-----
----fication, ſure may now be heard,
And from this laſt Offence be clear'd;
Yet who can hear me whil'ſt I'm ſilent,
Unleſs I move Petitions *Violent*?
Merits I have, which makes me loath
To uſe up them and Prayer both,
For fear of ſomething that I ſee,
VVhich makes 'em not ſo well agree:
Yet ſince to Die 'tis requiſite,
But firſt to Pray's a thing moſt Meet;

Ave

Ave Bleſſed Dame Maria,
That art full of good Gratia;
That can'ſt make a Woman Fertile,
If briskly ſhe will move but her Tail;
And when the Wagg whoſe Stars are Regnant,
Is grown with little Maſter Pregnant,
Can'ſt him preſerve with patch of Smock,
Apply'd to Parents Gameſome Dock,
And though to Procreation P--x
Muſt needs be ſomething Heterodox;
When Teeming-time for Babe of worth
Is come, and Sarah *muſt bring forth,*
Can'ſt pluck it out, and thank no body
But Midwife Wilks *and* Delabady,
Things ſure enough to make our Gracious
K-------- to break up his Muſtachoes:

That haſt been often very aiding
In well-diſpoſing of a Maiden------
Head, and help'd the Bridegroom out,
In acting his firſt Bridal bout;
Aſſiſt me with one dram of Hope,
That here am Wedded to this Rope.
Nor ſpeak I now in ſence of Figure,
To make the matter look the Bigger,
But in plain Matrimonial ſence,
Only with this ſmall difference;
That whereas Death doth others ſever,
'Twill bring us two more cloſe together.
I pray thee then in civil faſhion,
Accept of this my Invitation,
Which bids thee make all ſpeed, nor come late,
This my laſt Wedding to Conſummate,
For know, I long with joy to Greet thee,
And thus I boldly come to meet thee.

Which ſaid, he gave a luſty Swing,
Enough to break a feeble String;
But *Hemp* and *Greaſe* well mix'd together,
They ſay, are ſtronger than *Neats-leather.*
In this ſad juncture of Affairs,
Roger being got below the Stairs,
And hearing an unuſual rattle,
As though the *Jack* and *Broach* gave Battle,
Ran in ſurpriz'd, to ſee in haſte
What made the former turn ſo faſt;
Nor could he yet the cauſe diſcry,
For loe the Weights were ſtanding by;
Nor was there, which was yet a worſe thing,
A bit of any *Victuals Roaſting*;
Till turning's Eyes unto the Place,
Where Weights of *Jack* were wont to paſs,
Through *Trap-hole* made in Chamber Flore
As I have hinted t' ye before,

He ſaw the *Founder*'s Toes appear,
At which he ſaid---- or I'm in Beer.

Or yon my Maſter's Feet deſcending,
Struggle as if his Life was ending.
'Tis ſo, and I am hither ſent
To be the happy Inſtrument
Of his Relief, but Oh! the Means
Like Setting *Sun*, whoſe ſmiling Gleams
Vaniſh and leave behind foul Weather,
So Life and Means will flye together;
For ſhould I now run up and knock
His Door abroad, or break the Lock,
E'er that be done, alaſs he'll be
Cutting the Regions of the Skie.

By this time *Jack* had turn'd him down
Almoſt upon *Rogero*'s Crown,

Which

Which he eſpying, caught his Feet,
With juice of Dying Bum B-----t,
Whereby he pull'd in hopes to break
The Line, *but broke his Maſter's Neck.*

Thus fell the *Founder*, and thus fell
Two *Fryers*, without Paſſing-Bell;
And *Roger* being th' only Wight
That ever did his Maſter Right,
In this laſt Act, and in declaring
Theſe ſtrange Tranſactions yet worth hearing,
We dare not to his *Duſt* be rude,
But pay it Thanks and ſo conclude.

FINIS.